As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of praiſes,
Nothing but curious pleaſure
Sorrow were euer rackt, and t
Could neuer be her milde con
You Gods that made me man
That haue enflam'd deſire in
To taſte the fruite of yon cele
(Or die in the aduenture) be
As I am ſonne and ſeruant to
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne t

Anti. Before thee ſtands th
With golden fruite, but dang
For death like Dragons heere
Her face like heauen, enticeth
Her countleſſe glory, which d
And which without deſert, be
Preſumes to reach, all the whe
Yon ſometimes famous Princ
Drawne by report, aduenturo
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe ton
That without couering, ſaue y
Heere they ſtand martyrs, ſlai
And with dead cheekes aduiſe
For going on dearhs net, who

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee
My fraile mortality to know i
And by thoſe fearefull obiect
This body, like to them, to w
For death remembred, ſhould
Who tels vs, life's but breath,
Ile make my will then, and as
Who know the world, ſee hea
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as e
So I bequeathe a happy peace
And all good men, as euery Pr

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